WHY IT IS YOUR DUTY TO VOTE FOR GIBSON BOWLES

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

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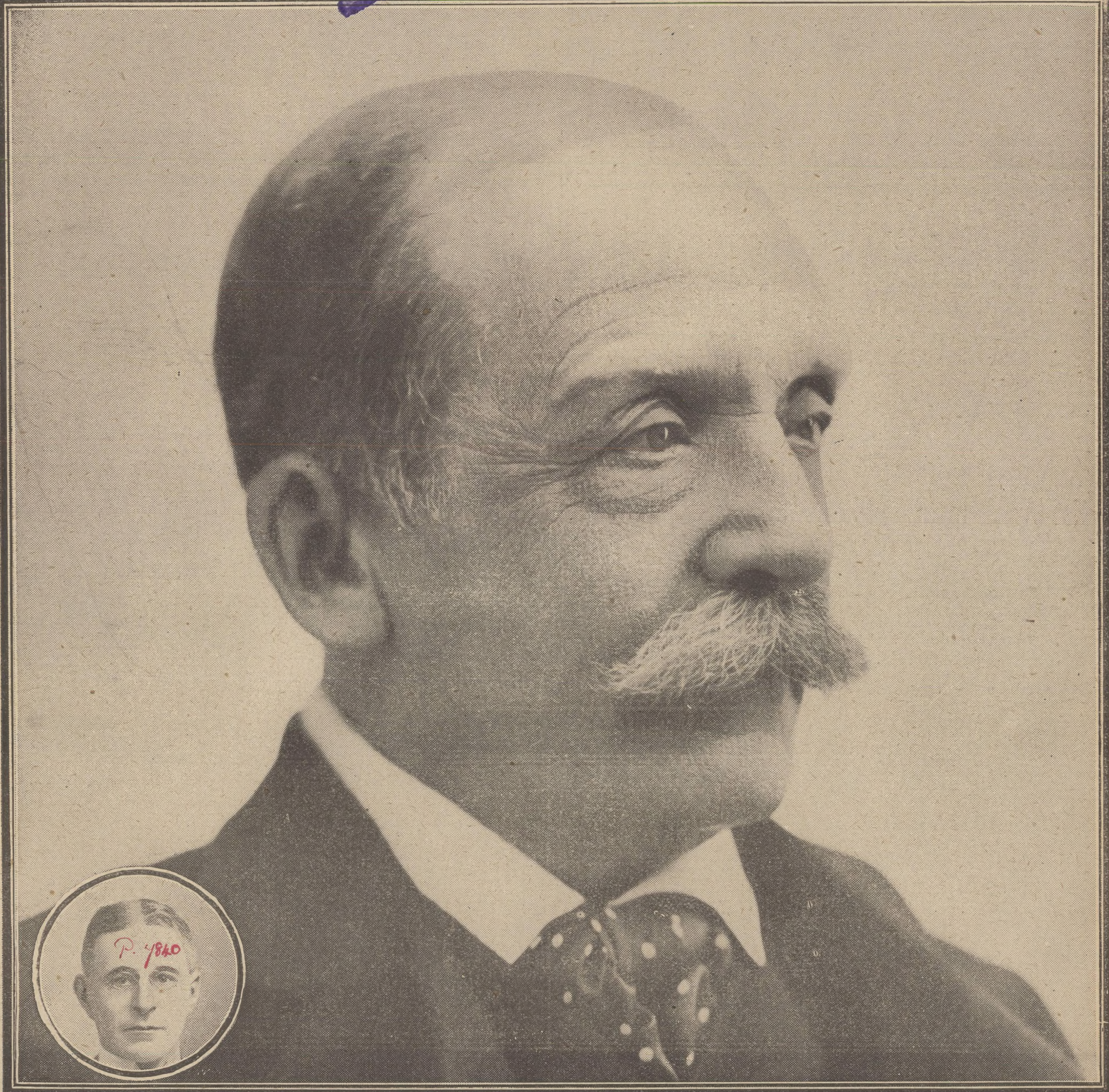
VOUCHER

"TO GINGER UP" THE GOVERNMENT: MR. GIBSON BOWLES' POPULAR POLICY AT MARKET HARBOROUGH.

P. 1350 B



On Thursday the electors of Market Harborough will elect a representative to Parliament. Their choice lies between Mr. T. Gibson Bowles, who stands for fair play for the attested married men, a strong air service, and a free hand for the Navy, and Mr. Percy Harris, the Coalition nominee. The large photograph shows Mr. Bowles, who, in his own words, wants "to ginger up" the Government generally. In the circle is Mr. Harris.—(H. Walter Barnett and Russell.)

VOTE FOR GIBSON BOWLES AND A SMASHING DEFEAT OF THE GERMANS

MAN WHO STANDS FOR FREEDOM.

Champion of Attested Married Men and the Navy.

"BREACH OF FAITH."

"A grave breach of faith has been committed towards the attested married men of the country."

So runs the opening phrase of Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles' address to the electors of Market Harborough Division.

The address is as follows:—

"Gentlemen,—A grave breach of faith has been committed towards the attested married men of the country. The promises made by the Government have been violated, the conditions under which so many of them were induced to attest for the Army have been disregarded.

"They claim that the promises made shall be kept in the spirit and the letter, and they have asked me to champion their cause, and for that purpose to become the candidate for the vacant seat for this division. I deem it a duty to accept the invitation.

"Although I myself regret the resort to compulsory military service in any form, and believe it might have been avoided, yet, since our commitments to our gallant Allies are held to require more troops than could be raised by voluntary enlistment, I am not, nor are the married men of the country, opposed to Conscription of any coherent, consistent or scientific kind, applied exactly and fairly to all men of military age and physical fitness, married or single, attested or not.

FREEDOM OF THE ELECTOR.

"The system now sought to be imposed upon us has none of these qualities. That is why we are determined to resist.

"There are none of the old parties left. The two that formerly existed have by an immoral and dangerous coalition been fused into one.

"The two Caucases, each a grave danger to the freedom of the elector, have been united, and have thereby become more than doubly dangerous. We must shake off their tyranny.

"I stand on behalf of no party, but as an Independent candidate on behalf of the freedom of the electors, and should you do me the honour to return me, I shall, in Parliament, speak and vote as in my conscience I believe to be right, without regard to anything other than the interests of the country, and a faithful performance of my duty to you.

"The very existence of our country depends upon an abler and more vigorous prosecution of the war such as will lead to an early, honourable and lasting peace. To no other kind of peace would I be a party.

"My conviction is that only by the release of our Navy from the shackles imposed upon it, and the fuller and more complete use of the Fleet against the enemy, can such a peace be reached.

"I stand in your cause. I trust to you to return me to Parliament. The time is short. Great exertions will be necessary to secure success. I shall do my part."

PETROL FOR VOTES.

Great Opportunity for Supporters of Mr. Gibson Bowles.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Leicester, Monday.—The intense interest that is being taken in the election all over the country may be judged from the many offers of help that have poured into Mr. Bowles from all parts of the country and the many letters and telegrams that have reached him from private individuals and public organisations.

Nearly a dozen gentlemen previously unknown to him have come to Leicester on their own initiative to work for the Independent cause.

But more helpers still are wanted, and motor-cars, too, particularly for polling day on Thursday. Although a hundred cars are already promised, in such a widely scattered constituency there will be work for more than twice that number.

And particularly petrol is needed. It is impossible to obtain more than a most limited supply in the district. Every gallon of the precious liquid is wanted.

Any sympathisers with Mr. Bowles' excellent cause would be doing him a real service by sending tins of petrol to his committee rooms, Market-place, Leicester, on Wednesday, for use on polling day.

To-night's meetings at Enderby and Kirby Muxloe were most encouraging. In addition to Mr. Bowles, Sir Arthur Markham spoke, and his stinging indictment of the governmental wait-and-see methods were received with cheers.

Mr. Bowles is out, as he says, to ginger up the Government, and doubts are fading rapidly that on Friday he will be announced top of the poll.

He is not only fighting for Market Harborough, but for the whole country, and the whole country will welcome his return.

WINNING WAY OF MR. GIBSON BOWLES.

"Bowles Is Right; He Can Do More to Stir Up the Government Than Harris Can."

The candidates: Mr. T. G. Bowles, the married man's man; Mr. Percy Harris, Coalition Government candidate. Polling Day, Thursday, March 23.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

Leicester, Monday.—Probably no candidate for the Market Harborough Division has been in such close contact with the electors as has Mr. Gibson Bowles in the past few days. The constituency is so big and so widely scattered that in the very short time at his disposal it is impossible for Mr. Bowles to address all his electors at meetings, so he motors through the division and holds his little informal meetings by the wayside, talking to the casual passers-by, or, as he did to-day, at works and factories during the intervals for meals.

RINGING OF A HANDBELL.

The Market Harborough electors appreciate this, for they are one and all keen politicians, and they like to feel that the candidate who invites their votes is anxious enough to explain why, by coming among them instead of seeking to make them come to him.

As an instance, this afternoon Mr. Bowles took a thirty mile run through the country.

An outrider preceded him, and by the vigorous ringing of a handbell announced to the countryside of the coming of the champion of the attested married men and of a strong naval policy.

Whenever a few men gathered together by the wayside Mr. Bowles stopped and had a word or two with them, and often when he met a solitary pedestrian the candidate would stop his motor-car for a short chat.

Altogether to-day Mr. Bowles has motored some seventy miles in order to explain his cause, and this vigorous policy is not at all to the liking of his opponent, Mr. Percy Harris, who, with his supporters, regards Mr. Bowles' virile methods as "rush tactics." They are "rush tactics," and Mr. Bowles is proud of them, for, as he told me this afternoon, he wants to break down the defensive force of the party machines, so that he may be elected to apply more "rush tactics" to the apathy of the Government.

"WAIT AND SEE."

"You have had too much of this 'wait and see' policy," he told an audience of boot makers this morning. "The policy," he said, "is one of always waiting to see—nothing." And his audience agreed with him in hearty cheers.

In fighting Market Harborough Mr. Bowles has set himself an extremely stiff task.

His campaign is just a week old, yet in that brief time, without any permanent organisation, without any canvass and without the open support of the local party men, he has placed his campaign upon a footing that is causing the wildest alarm in the opposition camp.

I have heard Mr. Bowles speak to the electors in a granite quarry, in boot factories, in an iron foundry, in a dyeworks, and by the road side, and in every case he has spoken as one man to another, answering questions frankly and openly and laying claim to nothing he cannot justify.

GREAT MASS MEETING.

To-morrow night there is to be a big mass meeting in the De Montfort Hall, Leicester, when an audience of some thousands is expected. Mr. Bowles will then have a better opportunity of expounding at length his policy.

His facts and figures of the naval question are incontrovertible, for he is a lifelong student of sea power, a practical sailor, who holds a master mariner's certificate, and one of the first experts in matters of naval law in the whole country.

Mr. Bowles is working with the enthusiasm and energy of a man half his age. To his committee his energy is a never-ending source of wonder.

He is certainly the first of the visitors in the Bell Hotel to rise. He is writing at six o'clock nearly every morning; he is seldom in bed before midnight.

Weather does not trouble him. Motoring from meeting to meeting through raw, rainy nights does not depress him. He is an incorrigible smoker and an incorrigible optimist.

Ever courteous, and with an irresistible sense of humour, he has won many friends in the constituency, even among his political opponents.

At his meetings Mr. Bowles revels in questions, and honest heckling leaves him unmoved and smiling.

One great point that he makes is winning him many supporters. The only criticism of the present Government, he says, can come from independent members. A Coalition member cannot, of necessity, criticise his own side, and if electors are not satisfied that the Government is doing all that should be done to win this war and bring it to an end they will not express their opinions if they return a Government man.

WITH A GOOD MAJORITY.

Nothing is more astonishing than the sudden change in popular opinion that has come over the division in the past twenty-four hours.

On Saturday a prominent business man said, "Mr. Bowles has only got a fighting chance." To-night I met him, and again asked his opinion. "Mr. Bowles will be in with a good majority," he said.

I inquired the reason of his change of opinion, and he said he based it upon general comment.

"The men," he added, speaking of his own employees, "have come to the conclusion that what Bowles says is right; he can do more to stir up the Government than Harris can."

Another sign of the change that has come over the campaign in the past two or three days are the many proofs that have been given of the prospect of a comparatively big poll.

Of course, on so old a register and with so many fighting men away a large poll cannot be expected.

The register is about 18,000 strong, fully 8,000 of which voters live in the Leicester area.. In the circumstances a poll of 10,000 would be big.

Voters are making efforts on their own account to make sure that they are on the register and to notify changes of address.

"MUST EITHER MEND ITS WAYS, OR END ITS DAYS."

"This is an election for the freedom of the elector and the assertion of his right to speak his mind in a grave national crisis and the intimation to the Government of the fact that he is 'fed up' with waiting and seeing.

"If this election should be lost, which it will not be, not only the married men must lose all hope of their cause, but the Navy must resign itself to being held back for ever from the enemy and the whole country for ever deprived of any voice in its own affairs.

"But there is no fear of that. The spirit of the electors will assert itself. and the Government must either mend its ways, or end its days."

—Mr. Gibson Bowles to the Market Harborough electors and to the country.

POINTS TO REMEMBER.

Come and Hear Mr. Bowles at the De Montfort Hall.

Don't forget the great demonstration in the De Montfort Hall at eight o'clock to-night!

A Square Deal.

One of Mr. Gibson Bowles' bills reads: "Give the Navy a chance and give the attested married men a square deal."

Mr. Bowles as Your M.P.

Mr. Guy Paget, R.A. Barracks, Shoeburyness, in a letter to Mr. Gibson Bowles, writes: "Some of your views may have been opposed in the past to my own, but at these times we require the best men and best brains in Parliament."

The Fighting Husbands.

"I cannot help letting you know how glad the majority of single fighting men in the trenches will be if Mr. Bowles gets in. The married man in the trenches is a fine fighter, but his life is made a living hell to him by the doubts as to how his home and wife and kiddies are getting along in his absence."—Wounded soldier's letter to Mr. Bowles.

Smashed the Declaration.

"I hope the electors of Market Harborough," writes Admiral Lord Beresford to Mr. Bowles, "will not forget that it is mainly due to your indomitable efforts that the Declaration of London was defeated, and eventually thrown out by the House of Lords. If the Declaration of London had become law our sea power would have been hampered and crippled to such an extent that we could not have won the war."

CRITIC WHO CAN BE CONSTRUCTIVE.

Mr. Bowles' Great Financial and Naval Knowledge.

MASTER OF THE RULES.

(By Our Parliamentary Correspondent.)

The return of Mr. Gibson Bowles would restore to Parliament the most brilliant free-lance critic of the present generation, and one of the most interesting personalities the House has ever known.

For many years Mr. Bowles was a feature of the House of Commons, and although some six years have elapsed since he ceased to be a member, it has never seemed the same place without him.

His wonderful grip of naval problems, his profound acquaintance with national finance, and his deep knowledge of all the intricacies of procedure gave him a position of unique power in the national council.

"THE MASTER MARINER."

Mr. Bowles has probably forgotten more about international law than most M.P.s ever knew, for he has written books about international law, particularly the international law of the sea.

And as to naval matters, I do not hesitate to say that the master mariner (as Mr. Bowles is) has made more valuable contributions to parliamentary debate than any man on the back benches for the past twenty years.

But Mr. Bowles' unrivalled knowledge of naval affairs is not the only reason why his return to Parliament is eminently desirable.

Two or three weeks hence the most colossal Budget in the world's history will be introduced. Finance is a subject on which Mr. Bowles specialises. His speech on Budget nights was for many years one of the most striking features of the debate. It was packed with searching and illuminating criticism.

But Mr. Bowles is not a critic who merely destroys. He has proposals to make, and on many occasions have I seen the House listen with fascination to the ingenious propositions for raising revenue suggested by this wonderful little man.

What more opportune moment could there be, therefore, for Mr. Bowles' return to Parliament than just at the time when the best brains in the country are needed to assist Ministers in steering the ship of State through the Scylla and Charybdis of national finance?

A SPECIAL ACT.

Mr. Bowles is not technically a lawyer, but he has always been a great amateur of the law, and, like Mr. Bottomley, has more than once given the professionals real trouble.

It is only a short time since he successfully demonstrated the illegality of the Treasury method of collecting parts of the income-tax, and it had to be got out of the way by a special Act of Parliament.

Mr. Bowles' return to Parliament is, furthermore, highly desirable because he is one of the few strong men who are not afraid to speak out.

I remember one famous occasion when he took the whole row of Cabinet Ministers and bantered them one after another on their characteristics and performances, capping all with the extraordinary reference to "Joseph" planting his people in the best part of the land of "Goschen."

It was on the borderland, the fine edge of parliamentary order, but done by one having such mastery of the rules that the speaker, watchful to intervene, was never quite able to do so.

BLUE-BOOKS BEFORE BREAKFAST.

No member was a greater master of stabbing repartee. He bubbled with pungent humour. He attacked political friends with as much delight as foes, and, if his victims were to speak the truth, they would probably confess that they deserved it.

Mr. Bowles is a tremendous worker.

It was a common saying when he was at Westminster that he was in the habit of digesting all Blue-books issued from Government departments before sitting down to breakfast. Yet he was always to be found at the House until the end of the sitting.

In private life Mr. Bowles is a most charming companion, and accessible to all sorts and conditions of men. In a word, a model man—and a model member.

FRENCH 'T.B.D.' LOST.

Paris, Sunday.—It is officially announced that the French destroyer Renaudin was sunk by an enemy submarine yesterday morning in the Adriatic.

Three officers, including the commander and the second-in-command, and forty-four men are missing.

Two officers and thirty-four men were picked up by a French torpedo-boat which was accompanying the Renaudin.—Reuter.

IRON ORE FOR THE HUNS.

"Every ton of Swedish, Norwegian or other iron ore imported into Germany produces half a ton of finished material capable of being converted into guns, shot or shell or Zeppelin bombs."—"Syren and Shipping."

SIXTY-FIVE ALLIED AEROPLANES MAKE A RAID ON ZEEBRUGGE

German Seaplane Station and Aerodrome Attacked.

FIGHTING FIFTEEN.

General Joffre's Message of Thanks to Sir Douglas Haig.

GERMANY'S AERIAL 'BRAG'

The Allies have replied promptly to the Huns' baby-killing raid on Sunday over the East Kent coast. Our retort was raiding Zeebrugge and Houltade.

13,000lb. OF BOMBS.

Altogether sixty-five Allied machines, carrying some 13,000lb. of bombs, raided the German seaplane station at Zeebrugge and the aerodrome at Houltade. Much damage was done.

The Germans have found their most recent expedition costly. Flight Commander R. Bone pluckily "strafed" a German raider by bringing him down after a long chase.

ENEMY'S LIQUID FIRE.

Last night's Paris bulletin reports renewed activity in the Verdun battle, the foe attempting a big attack with artillery, liquid fire and infantry west of the Meuse.

The attack was broken up with heavy losses to the enemy, who made slight progress only at one point.

Berlin says the French made a fruitless attack against Vaux village. In the matter of air fighting the Germans claim five successes.

ENEMY BOASTS OF FIVE AIR SUCCESSES.

"Lieutenant Boelke Brought Down His Twelfth Aeroplane at Forges."

(GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

BERLIN, Monday.—German Main Headquarters reports this afternoon as follows:—

Western Theatre of the War.—Favoured by good observation conditions, the activity of the artillery and airmen was very lively on both sides.

In the Meuse sector and in the Plain of the Woevre the artillery engagements continued to be especially violent.

Also yesterday, in order to prevent us from pushing our lines further forward towards the enemy defensive position in the neighbourhood of the fort of Douaumont and of the village of Vaux, the French delivered a fruitless attack with parts of a division recently brought up, against the village of Vaux. They were repulsed with heavy losses.

In an aerial battle, Lieutenant Baron von Althaus brought down his fourth aeroplane over the enemy lines to the west of Lihons, while Lieutenant Boelke brought down his twelfth machine over the Forest of Forges. In addition the enemy lost three further aeroplanes, one in an aerial encounter near Cuisy, to the west of the Forest of Forges, and two others by the fire of our anti-aircraft guns.

"FELL TO EARTH IN FLAMES."

One of the latter crashed to earth in flames near Rheims, the other one, turning over repeatedly, fell down in the neighbourhood of the Sapt de Barde, behind the enemy lines.

Eastern Theatre of War.—Regardless of their heavy losses, the Russians attacked repeatedly yesterday with strong forces on both sides of Pestawy and between the Narocz and Dryswjaty lakes. Their attacks remained altogether fruitless.

In the neighbourhood of Widsy German troops advanced and drove back some enemy divisions which were still trying to maintain their position close before our front. After their attack delivered there yesterday morning one officer and 280 men belonging to seven different regiments were taken prisoners.

Balkan Theatre of the War.—There is nothing new to report.—Wireless Press.

ONLY A TEMPORARY GAIN.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

BRITISH HEADQUARTERS, Monday, 9.24 p.m.—There has been considerable artillery activity on both sides about Loos, the Hohenzollern Redoubt and north of Ypres to-day. Near Poperinghe the enemy, after a heavy bombardment, rushed a bombing post. The post was immediately regained by our counter-attack.

13,000LB. OF BOMBS ON FOE'S AIR BASES.

The Secretary of the Admiralty made the following announcement yesterday:—

In the early hours of this morning a combined force of approximately fifty British, French and Belgian aeroplanes and seaplanes, accompanied by fifteen fighting machines, left and attacked the German seaplane station at Zeebrugge, and the aerodrome at Houltade, near Zeebrugge.

Considerable damage appears to have been done.

The machines on an average carried 200lb. of bombs. All machines returned safely.

One Belgian officer is reported seriously wounded. All the British machines referred to were naval.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Monday.—The following official communiqué was issued this afternoon:—

A bombardment was carried out about four o'clock this morning by English, French and Belgian aeroplanes upon the aviation ground of Houltade (east of Ostend).

Nineteen aeroplanes took part in this and all returned.—Central News.

"GREAT FIRE BROKE OUT AT ZEEBRUGGE."

Warships and Aeroplanes Engaged in Belgian Coast Attack.

AMSTERDAM, Monday.—The *Telegraaf*, referring to the air raid on Zeebrugge, states that a great fire broke out there.

The British squadron bombarded the coast till twelve o'clock.

Some time ago the Germans transported reinforcements to the coast at Zeebrugge, where there are several submarines, destroyers, armed trawlers, hydroplanes and captive balloons.

As to the damage, nothing is known.—Exchange Special.

AMSTERDAM, Monday.—The latest information is that considerable activity is being shown off the Belgian coast, and reports from Flushing state that the windows are rattling there as a result of the heavy gunfire in the direction of the sea and of the Flemish Littoral.

Last night the fire of British guns was distinctly audible.

A British (?) air squadron appeared at 4 a.m. and began bombarding the German positions on the Littoral.—Central News.

CONTINUOUS SUCCESSES ON RUSSIAN FRONTS.

(RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.)

PETROGRAD, Monday.—The following official communiqué is issued to-day:—

Western Front.—In the region of Lake Kanger a German party, trying to penetrate our lines, was dispersed by our fire.

In the district to the east of the town of Tveritch we carried by assault Valiksieselo.

Between lakes Narotch and Wichnevski our troops occupied after a fight the village of Zanapsez and part of the enemy trenches near the village of Ostrorliany.

In Galicia, on the Dniester, our units, aided by artillery, carried by an energetic stroke the trenches and bridge-head east of the village of Nikhaltche.

Caucasian Front.—On the coast front the Turks tried to advance at various points, but their attempts were stopped by our fire, both from land and sea. Continuing the pursuit of the enemy our troops captured several more Turkish officers and more than 150 Askaris with machine-guns.—Reuter.

REVOLVER-DRIVEN HUNS SLAIN LIKE SHEEP.

Parisian Anarchist's Bon Mot in Face of Death-dealing Rifle Fire.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Monday.—Every day that passes confirms the view that the battle of Verdun is over.

Yesterday, with the exception of a half-hearted attack on Pepper Hill, the Germans gave no sign of activity, and their artillery bombardment was much less intense than usual.

The Imperial Prussian Guard, whose arrival before Verdun was loudly trumpeted by the German Press, has not yet given any sign of its burning desire to storm the heights of Verdun, and there can be little question that the whole German army is demoralised and discontented.

Deserters who have come into the French lines admit that they have no longer any hope of capturing the fortress.

Said one: "I came to Verdun front a week ago, and since then I have seen my comrades marched into the open by officers with revolvers at their heads, only to be slaughtered like sheep."

Compare with this the moral of French infantrymen. A few days ago, when fighting was hot on one section of the front, a Parisian sergeant, formerly a noted anarchist, received three bullet wounds in rapid succession.

After the third he stood up and, apostrophising the Huns, shook his fist at them and exclaimed: "Look here, you Boches, I'm not the only one here! Have a go at the others!"

Letters from French soldiers before Verdun nearly all tell the same tale.

French airmen continue to show the enemy the stuff they are made of. Guynemer, a youth of twenty-one, who brought down eight adversaries, is now in hospital with his arm in a sling, cursing his luck because Adjutant Navarre, his nearest rival, bagged his seventh Hun machine yesterday, the wounded airman fears that his audacious comrade will soon catch him up.

W. L. McALPIN.

TWO MORE RAID DEATHS.

The deaths occurred in a Dover hospital yesterday of a little girl and a man who were injured during Sunday's air raid on Dover.

This brings up the total number of killed during the German seaplane raid on the East Kent Coast to eleven.

While on patrol duty the Navy always keeps a sharp lookout for enemy submarines.—(Official photograph issued by the Press Bureau.)

LIQUID FIRE ATTACK WEST OF MEUSE.

Foe Only Able to Make Slight Progress at One Point.

FRENCH GUNS' SUCCESS.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Monday.—The following official communiqué issued to-night says:—

In the Argonne our artillery wrecked German trenches to the north-east of the Four de Paris.

At La Haute Chevauchee a destruction fire carried out by us against the enemy works was followed by the release of clouds of sulphurous vapours from the reservoirs destroyed by our shells.

We vigorously cannonaded the sector of Avocourt and Melancourt, and dispersed enemy gatherings which had been reported north of the Bois de Montfaucon.

To the west of the Meuse the Germans during the day, after an intense bombardment with heavy shells, made an attempt to extend their attacking front.

An enemy division recently brought from a remote point of the front made a very violent attack, accompanied by the use of flaming liquid, against our positions between Avocourt and Melancourt.

ANOTHER FRENCH AIR RAID.

Our curtain fire and the fire of our machine-guns inflicted heavy losses on the enemy and broke up the attack.

The assailants were only able to make slight progress at one point on the front of attack in the eastern part of the Bois de Melancourt.

There was a violent bombardment of Hill 304 and the region of the Bois Bourrus.

To the east of the Meuse and in the Woevre the activity of the artillery was intermittent.

During the night of the 19th our bombarding aeroplanes dropped twenty-five bombs on the railway station of Dun-sur-Meuse, where movements of troops on an extensive scale had been reported.

All the bombs reached their objects.

This morning one of our pursuit aeroplanes drove down in the region of Verdun an enemy machine, which fell in our lines.—Reuter.

PEPPER HILL ASSAULT.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Monday.—The following official communiqué was issued this afternoon:—

West of the Meuse the enemy directed a somewhat violent bombardment upon the region south of Malancourt.

To the east, after an artillery preparation, the Germans delivered against our positions on the Poivre (Pepper) Hill a small attack, which failed completely.

There was an intermittent bombardment on the Vaux region.

In the Woevre the night was calm, except for a somewhat lively cannonade at Les Eparges.

There was no important event to report on the front generally.—Central News.

GENERAL HAIG'S MESSAGE TO GENERAL JOFFRE.

BRITISH HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE, Monday.—The following telegram was dispatched by the General Commanding-in-Chief to General Joffre, the Commander-in-Chief of the French Army on March 10:—

"While deploring the loss of gallant Frenchmen in the great battle still raging, the British Army desires to assure you of its admiration for the heroic performances of the French Army around Verdun, where Germany has chosen to break her strength in vain against the unconquerable soldiers of France."

The following telegram was received in reply from General Joffre, Commander-in-Chief of the French Army:—

"The French Army thanks the British Army for its expression of hearty good will, which it has been kind enough to address to us while the great battle of Verdun is still in progress.

"In its fierce struggle the French Army is confident that it will obtain results from which all the Allies will reap an advantage.

"It remembers, also, that its recent call on the comradeship of the British Army met with an immediate and complete response."—Reuter.

"SUEZ CANAL FIGHT."

(TURKISH OFFICIAL.)

AMSTERDAM, Monday.—A Turkish communiqué issued in Constantinople to-day says:—

On the Irak Front.—On Saturday one of our aeroplanes threw some bombs on Kut-el-Amara and succeeded in hitting a gun and an enemy detachment.

On the same day, in the course of a fight with a detachment of the enemy in the neighbourhood of the Suez Canal, we took five Indian soldiers prisoners

There is otherwise no news to report.—Reuter.

MISSING.

Private H. Keam (Australian Imperial Force). He landed at the Dardanelles in April, and was reported wounded and missing on April 25, 1915.

This young Scotswoman (married) is missing from her home at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Write to 36, N. Ellen-street, Dundee.

Private George Brannon (Yorkshire Regiment), missing. Send information to 71, Vaughan-street, Grangetown, R.S.O., Yorkshire.

IN THE TATE GALLERY.

Wounded men from the Millbank Military Hospital playing bagatelle and cards at the Tate Gallery, where several of the rooms have been set apart for their use.

MICHAEL O'LEARY AT SOUTH SHIELDS.

Lieutenant Michael O'Leary, V.C., welcomed by the mayor to South Shields for Irish Flag Day. He said he could not make a speech. The more he tried, the worse he got.

OBITUARY.

Sir Charles Bent Ball, the eminent surgeon, who has died at Dublin. He was brother of the late Sir Robert Ball, the astronomer.—(Lafayette.)

Cardinal Gotti, Cardinal Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, who has died at Rome at the age of eighty-two.

The Rev. Stopford Brooke, the eminent preacher and man of letters, who has died at Ewhurst, Surrey.—(Elliott and Fry.)

CROSS FOR A REGIMENT.

Such magnificent bravery has been shown by every member of a French regiment that they have been collectively awarded the Croix de Guerre. It is pinned to the colours which record their glorious deeds.

FOR THE WOUNDED ONLY.

A resident at Thornton Heath has placed this notice, together with cigarettes and a box of matches, by the roadside. No civilian has yet been seen to help himself, though many have added to the stock.

BEAUTIFUL HAIR FOR ALL.

A Charming Actress Explains the Secret of Her Beautiful Hair.

MISS MABEL LOVE GIVES ADVICE THAT ALL MAY FOLLOW FREE OF COST.

ONE of our greatest theatrical favourites is Miss Mabel Love, for her name and fame are universal. Therefore, when this talented artist gives valuable advice concerning woman's chiefest attribute—the hair—her remarks merit the keenest attention. As all know, Miss Love is the happy possessor of naturally beautiful hair, but even the best feminine gifts need constant care, hence her tribute of praise and thanks to "Harlene Hair-Drill" is of extreme importance.

This charming and popular actress makes no secret of the reason why her luxuriant locks retain a perennial charm and beauty. She explains it in the few simple words, "Harlene Hair-Drill." She most confidently tells you that

Photo] **MISS MABEL LOVE** [Rotary

—Whose advice to all is to cultivate Hair Beauty the "Harlene Hair-Drill" way.

"Beautiful Hair for All" follows its use, and she speaks as an habitual user of this unrivalled hair treatment and preparation. Read every word of her interesting and instructive letter.

A BEAUTIFUL ACTRESS

Writing to Edwards' Harlene Company says:—

"I am so delighted with the wonderfully good results from the use of 'Harlene Hair-Drill' that I feel it is only right to let you know what a high opinion I have of your excellent toilet preparation.

"I have been a long and habitual user of 'Hair-Drill,' and from the day of its first use have received continuous benefit. It has kept my hair in splendid condition, and I am now never troubled with any of the many hair ailments from which so many people suffer. I can most confidently recommend all ladies to use 'Harlene Hair-Drill' as a sure means of maintaining their hair healthy, beautiful and vigorous with the slightest amount of trouble on their part.—Yours faithfully,

(Signed) *"MABEL LOVE."*

Miss Mabel Love is but one of the bevy of Britain's beauties whose fascination and charms have endeared them to the public, who have so willingly written to the Edwards' Harlene Company in warm appreciation of the benefits derived from the use of "Harlene Hair-Drill." And just as Miss Love and her sister artists have profited, so can everyone who has a care for hair cultivation. The advice, too, is easy to follow, for everyone can test "Hair-Drill" free of cost. All that is necessary to do is to fill in the annexed coupon and forward same, when by return of post the proprietors will send you the following unique Hair Beauty Gift:—

1. A Bottle of "Harlene," a true liquid Food for the Hair, which stimulates it to new growth.

2. A Packet of the Marvellous Hair and Scalp-cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo, which prepares the Head for "Hair-Drill."

3. A Bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair.

4. The Secret "Hair-Drill" Manual.

Just as Miss Love has proven in her striking instance, so can you; for no matter how unfortunate your hair condition you can regain all its lost freshness, fragrance, beauty, health and charm by adopting the "Harlene Hair-Drill" method—the only method by which your hair may be rejuvenated and maintained in pristine excellence and health.

Fill in and sign your coupon, post at once, and then await your free trial package, when you can immediately start your hair-renewal task—a task as delightful as it will prove satisfactory.

When you have tested this free sample supply you can always obtain further supplies of "Harlene" from your Chemist at 1s., 2s. 6d., or 4s. 6d. per bottle; "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s., 2s. 6d.; "Cremex" at 1s. per box of seven shampoos (single 2d. each), or direct from Edwards' "Harlene" Company, post free on remittance. Carriage extra on foreign orders.

"HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" GIFT COUPON

Fill in and post to Edwards' Harlene Co., 20-26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your free "Harlene" Four-fold Hair-growing Outfit. I enclose 4d. stamps for postage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

"Daily Mirror," *21/3/16.*

Daily Mirror
TUESDAY, MARCH 21, 1916.

CHINA AND MAD BULL.

NO doubt many or all of the neutral countries hoped, when this war burst over Europe, that they would be able "to keep out of it": by which they meant, not only that they need not, or could not, intervene effectively in action, but also, and perhaps principally, that they were immune from the consequence of the confusion about to overwhelm the world.

This pathetic hope turns out to have been like that of the china in the shop where the bull is.

The bull may be after a man, or after another bull, but in process of reaching and tossing him he breaks up the china too. How absurd if the best and most delicate and morally indifferent porcelain were to explain that it expected to be let alone by the bull!

Or, if you prefer it, there's the figure (already employed) of the mad dog coursing along a populous street. What is the use of the passers-by proclaiming that it's nothing to do with them? The dog compels their hostility.

So it has happened that the perfectly sincere neutrals' aloofness has come, owing to the German madness, to seem either like the attitude of Pilate washing his hands of a moral issue to which no man can be indifferent, or else—and this matters more—a ludicrous inability to "keep out," however much they may try, since Germany *will* bring everybody in.

If Germany does not bring in everybody directly, combatively, she insists that everybody shall be dismayed by her mad-bull-like plunges hither and thither. And nowhere is the moral that aloofness is not possible in a great modern war more clearly illustrated than in the aquatic plunges of this bull.

First you try to torpedo all armed vessels. Then you torpedo unarmed vessels.

Neutrals begin to wake up.

But they're very, very patient. They've no common point of view, no organisation, no sufficient force to back their longing for peace. They protest.

Unarmed vessels are now sunk, not only coming to England, but leaving England, and not only leaving England (without war stores) for enemy or munition-making lands, but even for non-combatant countries with what we may call non-combatant cargoes. In fact everything and everybody are torpedoed in the best mad-bull-like manner, as much as to say: "If you don't give me what I want I'll break up the world."

It's Holland's turn for the moment—Holland the admirably organised, highly-civilised country from which noble protests have indeed come, but whose attitude has nevertheless been scrupulously neutral. It is now Holland. To-morrow it will be somebody else.

We have only to admire the torpedoing of a peace ship soon; or of a ship carrying goods to Germany in hopes of getting round the blockade. Then the mad bull, having blundered into everybody all round, will be seen turning and rending himself. You may be sure we shall see him at it before long.

W. M.

THE MEMORY.

When days of beauty deck the vale,
  Or stormy nights descend,
How well my spirit knows the path
  On which it ought to wend.

It seeks the consecrated spot
  Beloved in childhood's years;
The space between is all forgot,
  Its sufferings and its tears.

—EMILY BRONTE.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Tragedy warms the soul, elevates the heart, can and ought to create heroes. In this sense, perhaps, France owes a part of her great actions to Corneille.—*Napoleon.*

THE FETISH OF TOO MUCH FURNITURE.

ONE WAY OF REDUCING EXPENSES IN THE HOME.

By MRS. ADRIAN ROSS.

IT is a commonplace of talk to-day that "life will never be the same when peace returns." We shall have to give up not only many of our luxuries, but many things which we have always considered as necessaries; and not until we have done without them for some time shall we grasp the fact that life is often far pleasanter for the lack of them.

Some of our social reformers descant on the folly and wastefulness of all the little separate establishments that we keep up. Why should not we all live in large communal dwellings, they say, with battalion blocks, company cafés, platoon parlours and section sitting-rooms, and nothing individual but the more or less restricted sleeping-rooms? Well, this is perhaps too much "militarism" for any but an extreme Socialist.

The average Briton is a confirmed individualist and likes to be the master of his own dwelling and the various paraphernalia he has collected round him. A life regulated in every detail he leaves to the lunatic, the pauper, the criminal and the Hun. It is well for our souls, if not for our bodies, that we should have and cherish a few things for our very own.

Only—need they be more than a very few?

Take, for instance, the formidable item of furniture.

When Mr. A marries Miss B they take a house, which they fill (generally far too full) with furniture, sometimes bought before they knew where it was to be put. If the furniture is new it has no associations for them; if they prefer it old, and pick it up at sales, they do not know who has had the furniture before or whether he (or she) found it useful.

The outgoing tenant of the house, Mr. C, has furnished it for himself in a similar manner. He removes his paraphernalia, at considerable expense, and either sells it at a loss, or stores it uselessly, or moves it to his new house, which it may not suit in the least.

Now suppose Mr. and Mrs. A acted as the average undergraduate at Oxford or Cambridge does when he first goes into college rooms and took over most of Mr. C's furniture at a valuation—they would be buying articles that had been used and found convenient by a tenant of known respectability, instead of stuff collected by a dealer from they don't know whom or where. If Mr. C is of massive figure, Mr. A can buy up his chairs and bedsteads with no fear of perpetual little bills for repairs.

SIMPLIFICATION.

As for cupboards, bookcases, wardrobes and washing apparatus, these ought to be fixtures, built into the house and varying in style and quality with the design and cost of the dwelling.

Incoming tenants would bring their pictures and ornaments (few, let us hope, but good) and their plate, china and household linen—much as if they were taking a furnished house at the seaside. The original style of the furnishing would be settled by a Director of Taste (public or private) in consultation with the owner of the house and the architect. Thus the fixtures (including most of the furniture) would be in keeping with the house. There would be oak houses and mahogany houses, pitch-pine houses and so on. Sentiment and individuality could be sufficiently expressed by pictures and ornaments, and the horror of "moving house" would be reduced to a trifling inconvenience.

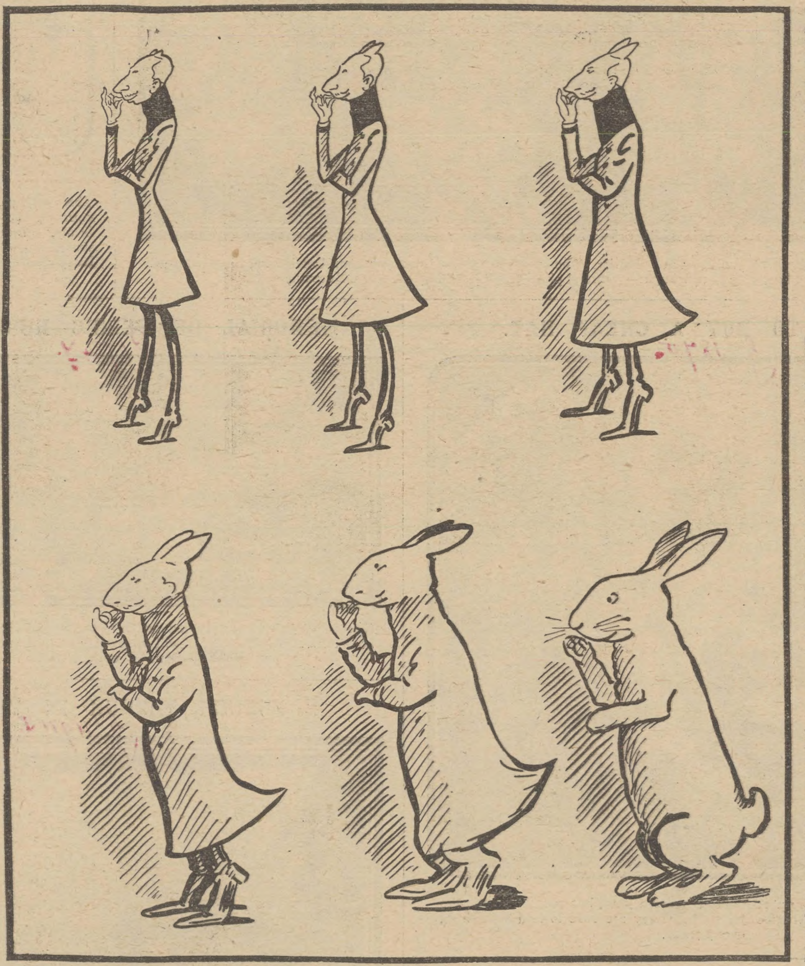
Having got rid of the trouble and expense of moving the bulky part of the furniture, we should next discover that very little else was worth moving.

The average householder has kept from his childhood the horrible habit of accumulating trash of all kinds, while losing the fortunate carelessness which enables the child to mislay and forget his treasures. An unseen devil is ever at our elbow, prompting us to pack up heaps and heaps of articles, of no use and less ornament, in trunks and cupboards and band-boxes, in stray chests of drawers, and on the tops of wardrobes. When the time to move arrives the stoutest heart quails before the labour of sorting—and dusting—all this accumulation. The bulk that has to be moved is, anyway, so enormous that these collections make little difference; they are transferred, unexamined, to the new dwelling, to gather additions and dust there. If this rubbish formed the bulk of the goods to be moved, as it would when the furniture passed with the house, many men would find the courage to make a bonfire of it.

The lesson of the war to us all must be Goethe's maxim: "Thou must do without."

The Japanese, we are told, realise the virtue and restfulness of simplicity in furniture. Their houses have the minimum of furniture for use, and for ornament one or two beautiful things in a room—even if they own more than these. Could we not think a room properly furnished if it had a rug on a parquet floor, a few comfortable chairs, one or two good pictures, and window-hangings blending with the quiet colouring of the walls? The cost of furnishing such a room would be small indeed compared with the expense of accumulating the "ungodly jumble" that crowds most of our drawing-rooms.

A POSSIBLE END FOR LITTLE WILLIE?



It may be that his remarkable likeness to the weasel or, at best, the rabbit, may lead him to adopt that disguise finally—and to run away. It is, anyhow, a possible solution of his growing difficulties.

"AS SHE IS SPELT."

NEW ENGLISH ADAPTED BY OUR "TOMMIES" AT THE FRONT.

"PARCELS."

YOUR correspondent's instances of how "Tommy" spells are amusing. I may point out, by the way, that it is not only "Tommy" who makes these little mistakes.

"Tommy's" wife wrote thanking me the other day for a "barzel." What was that?

A parcel!

"Tommy" himself has great difficulty with this word. He thanks for "nise paarsel," for the "wellcum pawsel" and for "porssell just recieve."

I have recently also been thanked for "parzzel," "porsal" and "poorsel."

All this variety brightens up our old language. I like "Tommy's" bold dashes at orthography. They are nearly as good as his splendid rushes in action.

M. N. E.

"A TEMPTING MEAL."

THAT is a splendid suggestion of "Looker-On" to inculcate thrift on the pictures.

It is not original, however.

I have just finished a hand-coloured picture for rejection by the Royal Academy, showing old dry crusts, potato peelings and old bones wrapped closely in a piece of newspaper and tied up with string, the picture entitled "A Tempting Meal."

Also I am moulding in solid marble a representation of a pile of onions, with a potato on the top,

A PICTURE PAINTER.

LESSONS ON THE FILM.

"A LOOKER-ON" suggests utilising the cinema for practical purposes of a national character.

The idea is admirable, but can only be carried out by practical-minded persons, who are also broad minded, and have a reasonable regard for our neighbours' landmarks of liberty.

For instance, to sandwich between the advertised film attractions, a haricot bean recipe, is, to say the least, unfair to those who have paid for amusement only. Even "A Looker-On" would object to anything of the kind being interpolated between the acts of a play at His Majesty's or the St. James's, and it would be quite as unfair at a cinema.

A. FRYERS.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 20.—Whenever the weather is favourable hardy annuals may be sown. A garden can be made attractive throughout the summer and autumn if these pretty subjects are extensively grown, and the outlay will only be a few pence. It is important only to sow when the soil is in a dry and friable condition.

Do not sow too thickly, and when the young plants are up they must be well thinned out. The following are valuable annuals:—Clarkia, mignonette, godetia, poppies, candytuft, larkspur, Virginian stock, cornflowers, nemophila.

E. F. T.

MILITARY SPORTS AT SALONIKA.

An officer has a large and critical audience at Salonika. The sports meetings form a pleasant break from the hard work that has to be got through.—(Official photograph issued by the Press Bureau.)

ENGAGED.

Captain MacPhail.

Miss England.

The engagement is announced between Captain Stuart MacPhail, Hampstead, and Miss Hilda England, of Bingley, Yorkshire.—(Swaine.)

CONDUCTO

Brigadier-General Bushe decora
Distinguished Conduct Medal. V
returned to his o

WHERE TO BUY A CHEAP HAT.

The milliners still display pretty and expensive hats, but many women who are economising now patronise the stalls. They are sure to find something cheap there.

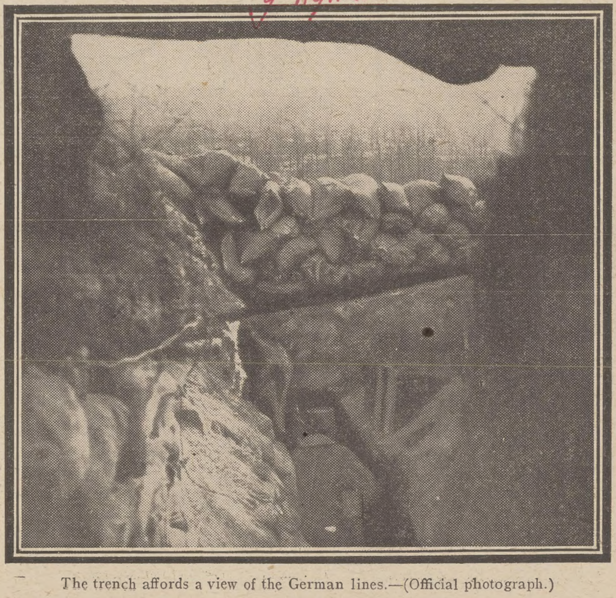
MEMORIAL OF HEROIC HUSBAND.

General Cousins hands a decoration to the widow of a fallen hero at the Invalides, Paris. It will inspire her child when the little one grows to years of understanding.

TESTING THE MOTOR-CYCLES.

As a result of the recent floods the motor-cycles for the War Office have been put to some severe tests lately.

FRENCH TRENCH IN THE MEUSE.



The trench affords a view of the German lines.—(Official photograph.)

HUSBAND

Mr. Gibson B
Market Harbo
ing.—(*Dail*

CORATED.

geant A. J. Waller with the unfit for further service, has bus conductor.

TO WED.

Lieutenant Chapman.

Miss Simpson.

Flight Sub - Lieutenant Charles H. M. Chapman, R.N., and Miss Olive M. G. Simpson, whose wedding is to take place to-morrow.—(Swaine.)

A DISCOVERY IN THE DESERT.

British cavalry discover ancient baths in the desert while in pursuit of the Arabs in Western Egypt, where a complete success by the Imperial forces was announced a day or two ago.

STAGE "STARS" IN A LAWSUIT.

Mr. Seymour Hicks and his wife (Miss Ellaline Terriss) and Miss Gladys Cooper (right) leaving the Law Courts yesterday. Mrs. Hicks was plaintiff in an action.

AT THE SALONIKA RACE MEETING.

Seated in the victoria is Miss Donaldson, the editress of the *Balkan News*, a British paper, which has been started since the Army came to Salonika.—(Official photograph. Issued by the Press Bureau.)

QUE.

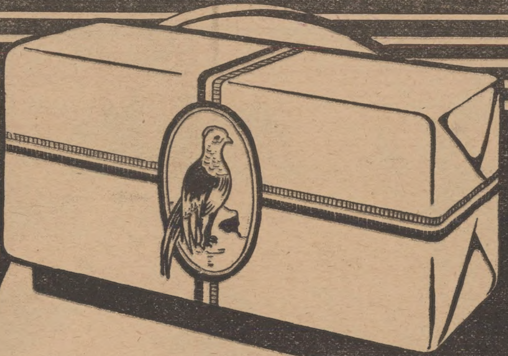
composed
t is simple

A LISTENING POST IN FRANCE

This photograph was taken recently in the Argonne.—(Official photograph.)

TRAIN FOR THE TRENCHES.

Poilus on the way to the firing line in Champagne. They travel on special trucks.—(French War Office photograph.)



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PHEASANT MARGARINE

you will never go back to the other kinds after.

See the ½-lb. Packages with red, white, and blue riband and Pheasant seal.

PER LB. 1/- PER LB.

Ask your Grocer or Provision Merchant for it.

Extraordinary Sale of French Model Tailor-Mades

These Garments have been made for Early Spring Wear, and are of the most exclusive character, including

Modèles by —
Bernard — Fidler — Marc, Havet — J. Gruber — M. Mirra, Braunstein — Marqui Buzenet Elie Kliger — Golos & Wolpov.

A typical example of the class of Garment we are offering. Original price 14 gns.

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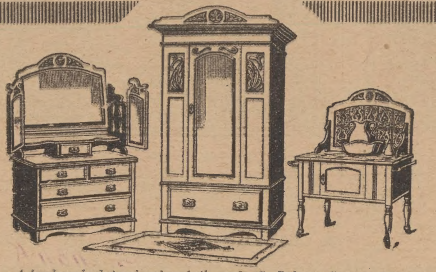
In many cases copies are being offered at prices far exceeding those we are charging for the originals.

	Paris Price.	SALE PRICE.
Model by Golos and Wolpov. In Saxe Blue Taffeta Chiffon. Trimmed coloured embroideries	£10	4½ gns.
Model by Premet. 3-Piece Model Coat and Skirt in Tussore Silk (sleeveless coat and waistcoat). Slightly soiled... ...	15 gns.	40/-
Model by Fidler. In Mole Gabardare Suiting, trimmed Black Leather and Braidings...	£18	5½ gns.
Model by Fernard. In Navy Gabardare Suiting, trimmed Black Silk Braid...	£32	8 gns.
Model by Fidler. In Grey Gabardare Suiting, trimmed Patent Leather ...	£13	5 gns.

200 Coats & Skirts All One Price 63/-



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30	" "	17/-
50	" "	28/-
100	" "	45/-
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WIMBLEDON, S.W.—8, Merton Rd., Broadway.
WOOLWICH, S.E.—73, Powis St.
HOLLOWAY, N.—49-51, Seven Sister's Rd.
CHISWICK, W.—58, High Rd.
MANCHESTER—The Palatine, Victoria St.

AND AT
SOUTHEND-ON-SEA—195-197, Broadway, and Queen's Rd.
NORTHAMPTON—27, Abington St.
LEICESTER—18, High St.
DERBY—Victoria Blgs., London Rd.
BIRMINGHAM—60-61, Broad St., & 13, High St., Bull Ring.
BRISTOL—48, Castle St. & Tower Hill
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WOLVERHAMPTON—35, Dudley St and 13, 15, 16 & 17, Central Arcade.

Cure Piles Permanently.
An entirely new scientific preparation; cures Piles and all forms of Constipation permanently. Never binds or gripes; always effective; handy to take.

Chocoloids REGD For Constipation

Send a P.O. for 2/6 now and receive a full treatment.
The CHOCOLOID CO., Stirchley Laboratories, (Dept. 28) Birmingham.

FREE SAMPLE.
Sufficient to prove, sent on receipt of postcard.

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Sold by Chemists, 9d., 1/3, 3/-, etc. Advice Gratis from

E. BURGESS, 59, Gray's Inn Rd., London, W.C

One Teaspoonful of

'CAMP' COFFEE

with boiling water, milk and sugar to taste, will make a cup of the most delicious coffee you can have. A child can prepare 'Camp,' but no one could make better coffee. Insist on having 'Camp.'

Sole Makers: R. Paterson & Sons, Ltd., Coffee Specialists, Glasgow.

Foster Clark's

A 2d. packet makes 1½ pints of Rich Nourishing Soup. Oxtail, Mock Turtle, Green Pea, Mulligatawny, Pea, Lentil (Tomato 2½d.)

Easy to make—only water to add.

Send some in every parcel to your Soldier Boy.

2D SOUPS

ROSALIE

Our Grand Serial. By MARK ALLERTON

Rosalie.

New Readers Begin Here.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

ROSALIE GRIEVE, a pretty, vivacious girl with ideas and a will of her own.

REV. HUGH GRIEVE, Rosalie's husband, who is not a man of the world, but is very much himself a man.

ALAN WYNNE, an irresponsible, but clever, artist with the accompanying temperament.

ROSALIE GRIEVE is riding home in an omnibus. There is one young man in particular who watches her with a kind of bland interest that is disconcerting.

His interest becomes so embarrassing that Rosalie leans forward and asks him, ominously, "Do I know you?"

The young man tells her that he knows she is Mrs. Grieve. And then Rosalie remembers—he is Alan Wynne, whom she had once met when she was staying in artistic circles in Paris.

They talk over old times, and she arranges to dine with him and some artists in Soho.

* * * * *

When Rosalie reaches home she tells her husband of the meeting. The Rev. Hugh Grieve, who has made a great success of his church, feels a sudden antipathy. And then he remembers it is Alan Wynne who has been setting Northbury Park by the ears by his unconventionalities.

* * * * *

Wynne sees Rosalie home after the merry evening in Soho. Her husband is waiting for her. His face is very grave and serious. He tells her that one of his wardens has been telling him more strange stories about Wynne.

Rosalie makes a light reply, and Hugh Grieve's anger rises. His remarks become more biting. He gets angrier—angrier at himself, angrier at Rosalie. Finally, he tells her that she must not see Wynne again.

The little quarrel is afterwards patched up, and Rosalie says she will not see Wynne again. But one day Rosalie says that she is invited to a fancy dress ball to which Wynne is going. Her husband asks her not to. But later Rosalie finds on his desk a letter to someone called "Lucy," and enclosing a cheque for £100. "Lucy" is really a young wastrel named Lucien, who has been bothering Hugh Grieve for money.

She is very angry, and when a ticket for the ball comes from Wynne she decides to accept. But she does not actually go, though her husband, unknown to her, goes secretly. Rosalie finds this out, and goes to Wynne's studio to have her portrait painted. Hugh Grieve discovers the visits and denounces her.

FORBIDDEN GROUND.

THERE were moments that evening when Rosalie was in danger of shrieking aloud and flying from the room where the presence of the maid-servant forced conversation to Hugh's lips. He also found it almost more than he could endure to utter banalities when the situation was tearing at his very soul as though with claws of steel.

They sat, two tragic figures, separated by the table, confronted by dishes from which each turned in loathing. The storm had burst. In its fury it had laid them low, and now, bruised and battered and with all powers of resistance gone, each wondered dully what was next to be done, and could find no answer.

Their attitude towards each other deceived nobody.

"The master and mistress have had another row," it was announced downstairs. "A bad one by the looks of it. She's been crying, and he looks as if he'd seen a ghost."

"One o' these days," was the sage comment, "they'll 'ave one row too many. And then we'll see what'll 'appen."

"What'll happen, d'you think?"

"You wait an' see. I was five years in a place where they began 'avin' rows like this. They was shoutin' at each other one minute and 'uggin' each other the next. You never knew 'ow to find them."

"Did they get divorced?"

"Bless your 'eart, no. I've always been with good people, I 'ave, as I've told you many's the time, an' not with that sort. No. W'en I left they was gettin' on all right together, you might think to look at 'em. But I knew better."

"You can't keep it up. That's wot's the matter upstairs. . . . You'd best take the coffee up, although I don't suppose they'll 'ave it. Fair waste o' time and good food cookin' for 'em to-night, it is."

The prophecy was correct. The coffee remained untouched on the tray. Rosalie went to her room and to bed. Hours later she heard the door of a spare bedroom open and shut. The shutting was as the note of the bell that was tolling for the death of their intimacy. In the early hours of the morning she heard a movement in this other room. There was no sleep for Rosalie or Hugh that night.

In the morning she pleaded a headache and kept to her room. When she had dressed and gone downstairs Hugh had gone out.

She discussed the meals of the day with the cook. She gave her instructions to the housemaid. She made up and paid several tradesmen's books. She went into the garden, cut a bunch of daffodils and arranged them in a vase in the drawing-room. Then her duties were at an end. There was nothing more for her to do. Not a single useful piece of work waited for her in the whole, wide world. Nothing but idleness and thoughts. She envied even the housemaid who was cleaning out a room and singing at her task.

The day was gloriously fine. A genial warmth was in the sunshine. A fairy cloak of green garmented the trees. A thrush gurgled among the branches. A blackbird sang. Youth and hope and promise were in the air. The message of the season was of a fuller, more fruitful life. "Come out and play," whispered the breeze, and the daffodils nodded their heads and beckoned. "Come out and play. The sun is shining. All the world is young and beautiful and fragrant. Come out and play."

And the housemaid, cleaning out the room, sang: "Love me and the world is mine."

The spring breezes had whispered to her, too.

Rosalie set down the vase of daffodils with a crash. She raised her arms above her head. She felt as though there was a hand at her throat, choking back her breath.

"I can't stand it—I can't stand it!"

She breathed the words aloud, tensely. They were dragged from her lips by a sudden realisation of her position.

The silence of the vicarage, broken only by the unmelodious voice of Jane, the sense of orderliness, of barrenness of action, of loneliness, of idleness, of lovelessness—all these made her suddenly frantic. She knew that she must escape from it all—if only for an hour.

When that hour was over it might be easier to think of what was to be done. Something would have to be done—that very day, if possible. She felt she could not endure another evening, another night such as she had gone through. Anything was to be preferred to that—the loss of Hugh, the sacrifice of his peace of mind even.

She hurried to her room and dressed herself for going out. Then she left the house.

She met an omnibus going townwards, and boarded it on an impulse. Town might help her to forget Northbury Park. To her Northbury Park was now as an evil genius. She longed to get rid of its influence, if only for an hour.

In the omnibus she remembered the Bettisons—they were on the eve of their departure for Paris. It would be good to see them again. She would talk to them of Paris, of their work, of the adventure before them. And so she might break the maddening continuity of her present thoughts. Anything to banish them for a moment, even, to get on to another plane from which she might view the situation in better perspective.

She left the omnibus and rode in another to Chelsea.

As she mounted the stairs of the Bettison's flat she heard the big voice of Frank Bettison shouting his sister's name. The sound was encouraging. It infected her with a sense of enthusiasm, of lustiness, of appreciation of life and living.

Dora Bettison opened the door for her.

"You!" she cried. "How perfectly splendid. Frank—Madge! Here's Rosalie. What luck! You're just in time, Rosalie. We've had to alter our plans. We're off to-night."

"You're going to-night!"

"Yes. Isn't it ripping?"

Rosalie's lips trembled. "I'm sorry," she said.

"Sorry! Why?"

"Well, I'm losing you, you see. No, no," she laughed—a queer, little, trembling laugh. "I didn't mean that. But—Paris!"

"Come on in, Rosalie," cried Madge Fairfield from a room. "I'm sitting on a trunk, and I mustn't get up, or we'll never get it shut again. . . . How are you, old girl? Why, what's up? Are you seedy?"

"No. I've had an awful headache, though. That's why I came out this morning."

"A headache? Frank, take my place on this trunk. I want to talk to Rosalie. . . ."

THE CALL OF PARIS.

THE Bettisons were both talking at once. It was their habit. "We're going back to the Rue de l'Eglise. At Papa Pierre's place. . . . Yes; he's still there. Not a day older, they tell me. Two of the old crowd are still there. Michel and Billy Webster. Michel is quite a pot now. Did the frescoes in that new town hall—where is it, Frank? We had a letter from him. He was week-ending at Versailles. Lovelier than ever, he says. He tells me he's taken up golf. Fancy Michel playing golf! What's Paris coming to?"

"Isn't it too great for anything, Rosalie? I heard a siren on the river an hour ago. It was just like the whistle of the boat at Folkestone. You know! The most beautiful note in music. H-o-o-o-o-o-o! Can't you hear it?"

"Of course, Madge will be ill. It wouldn't be like going to Paris if Madge wasn't ill. Not disgustingly, you know. Just pensive. Michel is going to give me some lessons. Frank has made all sorts of good resolutions about work. I wonder if Brabant is still there. You remember? The funny little place where you get such wonderful omelettes—fines herbes sans oignons, as Frank tries to say. And the little church at the end of the road where we used to say our prayers on Sunday mornings before starting out for the day? And——"

"Don't!"

Rosalie's voice rang out piteously. The old sights and sounds and smells came back to her. Papa Pierre in his green baize apron polishing the knocker of the door with its notice "Apartements à louer"; Michel, bearded like the pard, talking socialism as only an aristocrat can; the little tables of Brabant's where they had all foregathered in the evening; Versailles; even the hollow warning signal of the steamer lying at Folkestone Harbour was in her ears, calling, calling——.

She saw in Dora Bettison's eyes a look of surprise, and she forced a laugh.

"You make it all so horribly real!" she cried. "You mustn't forget that it is you who are going back to it all, and that it is I who am staying at home."

"Yes, of course, it's hard lines for you," admitted Dora. "No, it isn't," she corrected herself. "You've got Hugh now."

Rosalie was silent for a moment. Then, "How long will you be away?" she asked.

"We don't know. There's awfully little doing in London for us just now. And London's so expensive."

"I hope, for my own sake, you won't stay away altogether," said Rosalie gravely.

"We shan't do that, of course. Why not come and pay us a visit? Introduce Hugh to the Quartier. It ought to amuse him."

"I don't think Hugh likes Paris," said Rosalie.

"Then leave him at home," put in Frank Bettison. "Being a bachelor, I consider myself competent to give sound advice to married people. A rule I invariably urge is that husband and wife should always spend their holidays apart."

"Don't listen to him, Rosalie."

"But she is listening. Naturally, Rosalie is interested. It is perfectly obvious that I am right. How can any two people possibly maintain the freshness of their intimacy if they see each other practically every day in every year and for many years? It is impossible. There are moments when Dora bores me to tears. There are many more moments when Madge fills me with unutterable loathing. What do I do? I go away and forget them for weeks on end."

"You don't, you know."

"In theory, I do. I wrap myself up in myself and forget that there is any woman in my world so abominably sisterly as Dora, or so atrociously friendly as Madge. When my mood changes I unwrap myself. I go back to the society of my womenfolk. They welcome me with open arms. All is well . . . Why not come with us to Paris, Rosalie?"

She tried to be gay. "Do you suggest that I am in need of wrapping myself up in myself?" she asked.

"The need is, sooner or later, inevitable," he replied.

"Frank!" The interruption came from Madge Fairfield. "Are you going to sit on that trunk all day, or are you going to rope it up?"

Rosalie remained half an hour. Then, pleading the necessity to get back to lunch, she hurried away. She believed that she had been successful in deceiving her friends by her gaiety. So far as Madge Fairfield was concerned, she was wrong.

"What made you talk about Paris to Rosalie like that?" she demanded crossly of Dora.

"About Paris? Like what?"

"Can't you see Paris is calling Rosalie? Can't you see——" She broke off, and added viciously: "I half wish we weren't going."

"Weren't going! To Paris? Why on earth?"

"Because something's happening to Rosalie. Because she needs someone to look after her. Because I believe that we—that I, if you like—alone can do it. And we are going away."

There will be another fine instalment to-morrow.

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

Telegraph operators engaged in laying wires along a communication trench at the front.—(French War Office photograph.)

BABY HARGRAVES.

Had Whooping Cough and Bronchitis.

4, Woodland Terrace,
Redland, Bristol.
Nov. 29th, 1915.

Dear Sir,

I am enclosing a photo of my little boy, 11 months old. He only weighed five pounds when born, and when six weeks old he had at the same time whooping cough and bronchitis, and we never thought he would recover. On the doctor's recommendation I gave him Virol and he took no other nourishment for over a week. He is now healthy and strong as you may see, thanks, I believe, to his having had Virol with his food ever since.

Yours faithfully,
E. V. HARGRAVES.

VIROL

In Measles and Whooping Cough, Virol should be given to children of whatever age. Virol increases their power of resistance and recovery, and strengthens them against dangerous after-effects.

In glass & stone jars, 1/-, 1/8, & 2/11.

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S.H.B.

PAWNBROKERS' BARGAINS

Special Supplementary List of this Month's Unredeemed Pledges Now Ready.

SENT POST FREE, 5,000 SENSATIONAL BARGAINS.

Don't Delay. Write at Once.

IT WILL SAVE YOU POUNDS.

Bargains in Watches, Jewellery, Plate, Musical Instruments, Clothing, &c.

Illustrated Fur List Now Ready.

ALL GOODS SENT ON SEVEN DAYS' APPROVAL.

13/9 **Baby's Long Clothes,** magnificent parcel, 40 articles; everything required; exquisite embroidered American Robes, &c.; the perfection of a mother's personal work; never worn; 13/9; worth £2/10/-; approval.

15/9 Real **Russian Furs;** very elegant rich dark sable brown; extra long Buckingham Stole, richly satin lined, beautifully trimmed tails and heads; large Muff matching; together, worth £3; sacrifice, 15/9; approval before payment.

23/6 Most elegant Black Fox Shaped **Princess Stole;** extra long, latest Parisian style, and large Animal Muff; together, £1/3/6; worth £5; approval before payment.

59/6 **Lady's** real **Coney Musquash Seal Coat,** 52-in. long; exceptionally fine quality, latest Paris model; originally £12; reduced to £2/19/6; approval willingly.

13/6 **Gent's** 18-ct. **Gold-cased Keyless Lever Hunter Watch,** improved action, 10 years' warranty, perfect timekeeper; also Double Curb Albert, same quality; handsome Compass attached; indistinguishable from new; week's free trial; complete, sacrifice, 13/6; approval before payment.

12/6 **Gent's** fashionable **Double Curb Albert,** 18-ct. Gold (stamped) filled, heavy solid links; 12/6; approval.

14/6 **Lady's** choice 18-ct. **Gold-cased Keyless Expanding Watch Bracelet;** will fit any wrist; perfect timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; week's free trial; 14/6.

25/6 **Lady's Solid Gold English** hall-marked **Keyless Watch Bracelet;** fit any wrist; 10 years' warranty; week's free trial; originally £5, reduced to £1/5/6; approval.

22/6 Superfine quality **Blankets;** magnificent parcel, containing 9 exceptionally choice and large size Blankets; worth £4; sacrifice, £1/2/6; approval before payment.

14/9 Magnificent set of rich Black **Russian Fox Colour Furs;** long Granville Stole, trimmed tails and heads, and large Muff to match; original price, £3/3/-; reduced to 14/9; approval willingly before payment.

3/9 **Lady's** 15/- **Solid Gold Marquise Ring,** set one mass of lovely Parisian pearls and turquoises; 3/9; appro.

9/9 (Worth £1/1/-). Pair full size **Blankets,** exceptionally choice, superfine quality; sacrifice, 9/9; approval.

8/6 Massive **Curb Chain Padlock Bracelet,** with safety chain; solid links, 18-ct. Gold (stamped) filled, in velvet case; great sacrifice, 8/6; approval willingly before payment.

19/9 **Lady's Trousseau;** 18 superfine quality Nightdresses, Chemises, Knickers, Combinations, &c.; worth £4; sacrifice, 19/9; approval before payment.

DAVIS & Co. (Dept. 141) **Pawnbrokers,**
26 Denmark Hill, Camberwell London.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

Lord Chelmsford.

New Grand Master.

In connection with his appointment as Viceroy, the King has already conferred upon Lord Chelmsford the dignity of Knight Grand Commander of the Orders of the Star of India (G.C.S.I.) and Indian Empire (G.C.I.E.). A further step awaits Lord Chelmsford when he arrives in India and takes over the reins of Government. That is the Grand Mastership of each Order.

Chancellorship Vacancy?

At present Lord Chelmsford is Chancellor of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George—he was given the G.C.M.G. on account of services as Governor of New South Wales. As he will be unable to perform the functions of Chancellor whilst in India, I presume we shall hear of a new appointment.

Brilliant Sir Guy.

The City considers that the Government has acted very wisely in borrowing brilliant Sir Guy Granet from the Midland Railway Company. He is regarded as one of the cleverest organisers in the world and is the spirit behind the Midland. Sir Guy's business will be to reduce our imports.

Inventions for War?

Lord Grimthorpe will to-morrow ask the Government whether the studies and investigations of the Inventions Committee have resulted in the discovery of any inventions that can be utilised to the advantage of this country during the course of the war.

Castigated Ministers.

The noble lord is a peer who was more in the parliamentary limelight when he sat in the Commons as Mr. Ernest Beckett than he has been since he took his seat in the Painted Chamber. It was during the days of the last Unionist Administration that he was most to the fore, and many a time have I seen him castigate Ministers with biting wit and scornful phrase.

Noted Art Collector.

Lord Grimthorpe is immensely wealthy, and till he succeeded his uncle—who is remembered as the designer of Big Ben—he was among the most noted art collectors in the House of Commons. For many years he was M.P. for Whitby.

A Critical Week.

The parliamentary week which opens to-day will be one of the most important and critical there have been for months. At the end of last week there was a good deal of political uneasiness, and in some quarters there still is, but in a little trip yesterday to one or two places where one gets near the hub of things political I found that the general atmosphere seemed to be clearer.

Broadsides.

Notwithstanding that, the resumed debate on the Army Estimates will not, from two or three things I hear, be all plain sailing, and there are likely to be some heavy broadsides turned on the Government.

"Ginger" Meetings.

The "ginger groups" are going to be busy. There have been several more important little meetings during the last few days, but more important than any is one which, I hear, takes place to-day. It is a joint meeting of the Unionist and Liberal groups to decide on the line of policy to be followed.

No Moratorium.

I understand that the Government has definitely decided to have nothing to do with a moratorium on Continental lines. Their view is that it will be in no way helping the country to ask the civilian of to-morrow to come back from the Army and face a heavy load of debt.

The State Will Help.

The scheme in favour at the moment is for the State to render definite assistance by contributing a fixed portion of every married man's liabilities. Thus the Government would assist him with the rent, lighten his rates and taxes and "guarantee" a fair portion of his insurance. This should solve the difficulty.

The Prince in Egypt.

"I wonder how the Prince of Wales will like Egypt after France and Flanders," I said yesterday to an officer who has been serving with his Royal Highness in France. "You may be sure that the Prince will make himself at home anywhere on active service," was the reply, "and he'll also make himself liked."

Commander Bone.

I met a friend of Flight-Commander Bone in London yesterday. He tells me that the hero of Sunday's air battle is one of the most modest of fellows in private life. And he is a young man of great personal determination.

His Philosophy.

"He did four years' submarine work," said his friend, "and we wondered why he chose that branch of the service. I asked him once if he did not find the conditions very trying. 'Oh,' he replied, 'you get used to anything if you really want to stick it.'" I dare say Commander Bone is quite used to aerial battles by now.

Many Parts.

This is a picture of one of the many beautiful girls in that successful revue "Shell Out." Miss Dorothy Harrison has on several occasions taken parts in the piece, as she is understudying several principals. In fact, I believe Miss Harrison almost knows the whole of the revue now by heart. Still, I hope she won't get "Shell Out" on the brain.

Miss Dorothy Harrison.

Mr. Bottomley and Parliament.

It is quite possible that we may hear of a dramatic movement on the part of Mr. Horatio Bottomley soon in regard to Parliament. Almost everybody—except perhaps a few politicians—wants to see him back.

A Mayo-Burge Scheme.

I met Mr. Sam Mayo and Sergeant Dick Burge at Romano's yesterday. They are very busy in a gigantic charity scheme, by which they hope to raise at least £25,000 in a single night for our soldiers who have been blinded in the war.

A National Night.

The scheme which Mr. Mayo and Sergeant Burge have in hand will mean the opening of practically every variety house and theatre in the country on a certain Sunday night. Full theatrical and variety companies will play on this occasion, and the whole of the proceeds will be handed over to our blind warriors. Mr. C. A. Pearson has already been in consultation with Mr. Mayo on the scheme.

Claude Duval.

I hear that there will be no fewer than eight horses in "Claude Duval" at His Majesty's. It will have to be a fairly hefty animal to do justice to Mr. Arthur Bourchier, and I hear that up to now he has tried several with indifferent success.

Why He Was Proud.

Little Eric's father was boasting of early struggles and how he had once to help with the milk round for a living. "Aren't you proud of your father?" asked mother. "Yes," answered dear little Eric, "'cause if he hadn't done it I might have had to."

Seeing Ourselves.

It hadn't occurred to me how difficult it is for actors to see "takes-off" of themselves until I saw Miss Marie Lohr in a box the other night at the Palace Theatre. She was holding her sides with mirth over the "Bric-a-Brac" parody of herself in "The Ware Case." Until the real play came off she had never had an opportunity to see it, but now she was evidently loving it.

Lady Frances as "Candid Friend."

Lady Frances Balfour is rapidly assuming the rôle of candid friend-in-chief of the Government. Her comment on the latest posters in the national economy campaign, the ones which begin "Don't" and "Bad form," is rather neat. They are both, she thinks, bad form!

"First Take Out the Mote——"

With the "noblesse oblige" traditions of a great Scottish house Lady Frances unites the genius for economical management of her countrywomen, and she wants to see the Government putting its own house in order before laying down the law on bad form for the rest of the world.

A "Giveaway."

About the Budget, I'm told that an edict has gone forth prohibiting the withdrawal from bond of more than the average quantities of tea, coffee and chicory until after the Chancellor's statement. That's a tell-tale straw, isn't it?

Peg Woffington Hats.

"Peg Woffington" hats, so I am told, are the latest arrival at the milliners'. They have picturesque drooping brims filled in with flowers and flowing ribbons, and are altogether the antithesis of the military style of millinery of recent vogue.

Dr. Chavasse's Loss.

I hear that the Bishop of Liverpool's nephew, Lieutenant A. R. Chavasse, R.A.M.C., died the other day of pneumonia in Alexandria. He was house physician at St. Thomas's when the war broke out, and was a fine young doctor of the modern school.

A Fine Type.

Second-Lieutenant Harold Averdieck, of the 16th K.R.R.C., was killed the other day in France. He was an old Carthusian and son of a prominent Harrogate business man. Musician, linguist and sportsman, Lieutenant Averdieck was worthy of his battalion.

Miss Eva Moore.

Eliza in Town.

London playgoers who want to see charming Miss Eva Moore this season must pay a visit this week to the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, where she is appearing in her husband's brilliant farce, "Eliza Comes to Stay." This is her only London engagement for the present. I was once summoned as an expert witness in an arbitration case in which Miss Moore figured prominently. That was some years ago, but I don't think the arbitration is finished.

Ancient Egypt.

I don't really know what "Animal Worship in Ancient Egypt" has to do with the present-day topics, but at Burlington House this afternoon Miss Emily Paterson is to lecture on this absorbing subject on behalf of the Egyptian Exploration Fund. By the way, those busy workers who have been bandage making at Burlington House are now removing their activities, as it has been decided to hold a summer exhibition as usual.

At Sunderland House.

It is not often that the demand for seats for a concert necessitates its removal to a larger room, but the Star and Garter Concert on Friday week will now take place at Sunderland House in that long ballroom which the Duchess of Marlborough is always so graciously lending for such entertainments.

Devoted Daughters.

The Dowager Lady Strathmore has been the recipient of many inquiries and messages at her house in Hans-place, where she is at present laid up with bronchitis. Her daughter, Lady Constance Blackburn, who lives in Edinburgh, has come up to town to be with her mother, and Lady Maud Bowes-Lyon is also helping.

THE RAMBLER.

Toilet Economy

Even though we are at war, every lady naturally likes to look her best. It certainly will not add to the happiness of husband, brother or lover on leave, to see you looking older and less smart than when they went away. When it is realised first that a bottle of Alvina Crême de Beauté costs but one shilling; second, that its use makes such a world of difference in your appearance, there is every reason why you should procure a bottle. The need always exists for protecting one's complexion from smoky atmosphere and inclemency of weather, but the present period of worry and anxiety tends to create lines, wrinkles and crow's feet on the face, which will become permanent and make you look old before you need, if not gently smoothed away by using Alvina Crême for massage.

ALVINA CRÊME

(Not Greasy and Vanishes)

Should always be used before and after travelling, motoring, golfing, cycling and all other forms of outdoor exercise.

We are anxious every lady should know about Alvina Crême, for to know it is to use it regularly. With every bottle of Alvina Crême is enclosed a Catalogue of 2,000 cloth-bound volumes by 350 authors we are distributing free. Already many ladies have received one volume, others two, three or even six, which are now their absolute property to read, lend, keep, or give away.

Go to your chemist or store or Boots Cash Chemists and procure a 1s. bottle of Alvina Crême, or send 1s. 2d. for bottle, post free, direct, and at once take advantage of our offer. Sole English Depot—Alvina, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.

BABY'S WINTER FOOD.

In the winter when vitality is at its lowest, baby's food becomes a subject for serious consideration.

Your baby must have the maximum of nourishment, with the least possible tax on the delicate stomach.

Give your baby Dr. Ridge's Patent Cooked Food. No other food is so nourishing, so easily assimilable and so completely satisfying.

Thousands of mothers, doctors and nurses, who have experienced the wonderful feeding and health-giving properties of Dr. Ridge's Food during the past 50 years, are unanimous in its praise. It is a wholesome food for body and brain. Dr. Ridge's Food, being in a concentrated form, goes further, and is therefore the cheapest food you can give baby

Every chemist and grocer sells Dr. Ridge's Food, in 6d., 1s., and 2s. tins; also in 2d. packets.—(Advt.)

Are You DEAF?

Consultations Free 11—1 2-30—4. Sats. excepted. 'Phone 6153 City.

Test the NEW 12-tone DANJHILL EARPHONE. It gives perfect hearing. You may now enjoy the delights of perfect hearing. Do not worry if all other aids have failed. The **Danjhill Earphone** enables you to hear distinctly even the slightest sound. It is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. **British throughout.** *Long trial allowed without obligation to purchase.* Write for full particulars and *guarantee* NOW before you mislay this paper. Sent FREE by return of post. **D. & J. HILL**, 52, Lambert House, 3, Ave Maria Lane, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

SAVORY & MOORE'S BOOK

FREE TO MOTHERS.

There are many occasions when a little advice about baby is helpful. When, for example, baby is ailing or fretful for no apparent reason, sleepless at night, troubled with indigestion or perhaps teething, the mother is often puzzled to know what to do for the best. Reliable information on all these points will be found in a little Book entitled "The Baby," published by Savory & Moore, makers of the well-known Infants' Food.

The Book contains hints on a great variety of subjects of interest to mothers, such as Feeding, Teething, Development, Infant Ailments and such matters as Sleep, Exercise and Fresh Air which are so important for baby's well-being. It also contains a chart for recording baby's weight, a dietary for older children and recipes for simple nourishing dishes. It forms, in fact, a useful mother's guide which should find a place in every home. It is not intended to take the place of medical advice, when such is needed, but it will often serve to allay needless anxiety and indicate the right course to be pursued.

HOW TO GET IT.

Those who are genuinely interested in the subject may obtain a Free copy of the Book by sending name and address on a postcard, mentioning offer in "The Daily Mirror," to:—

SAVORY & MOORE, LTD.,
Chemists to The King,
143, New Bond St., London.

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WHITSTABLE
NATIVE
OYSTERS
4/6 and 6/6 per 100
2/6 and 3/6 for 50.

Direct from the famous Whitstable beds to your door. Carriage paid to any part,

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21, Oxford Street, WHITSTABLE.

No more Rheumatism

Chameleon Oil robs rheumatism of its terrors. It quickly stops that torturing, excruciating pain, makes your days easy, and gives you unbroken rest at night. Its efficacy does not depend on the vigour of your rubbing, for gently does it when you use Chameleon Oil. Its value is due to its remarkable and unique composition which enables it to go right below the surface and straight to the actual cause of the trouble. Invaluable to soldiers in the trenches. Always keep a bottle of Chameleon Oil handy. You may not need it to-day, but you will to-morrow.

Chameleon Oil

relieves and cures Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Colds, Neuralgia, Sprains, Strains, Aches and Pains. Of Boots Cash Chemists and all chemists and stores, 1s. 3d. and 3s. per bottle, or direct post free 1s. 6d. and 3s. from the Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.

All horse, dog, and cattle owners should use Veterinary Chameleon Oil (price 2s. and 4s. 3d.), which cures lameness and disease. No other known preparation will do this.

CAPTAIN'S HEROISM.

Officer Who Lost His Life Recommended for the V.C.

DIED HELPING TROOPER.

Though this gallant officer has been killed, I recommend him for the Victoria Cross.

Thus writes Major-General O'Donnell of Captain E. Jotham in his report to the Secretary for India of the action at Spina Khaisora, in the Tochi Valley, on January 7, 1915.

The operations were carried out by the Bannu Movable Column and a portion of the North Waziristan Militia, with a view to defeating a large Khootwal Lashkar that had crossed into British territory and attacked Spina Khaisora post.

Of the British troops only the North Waziristan Militia were engaged with the enemy, but the operations were very successful, the enemy losing some fifty or sixty men killed and being driven in confusion over the frontier.

It was during this engagement that Captain Jotham showed the conspicuous bravery for which he has been recommended for the V.C.

He was in a desperate situation, and practically surrounded at close range and under orders to run for it with his party, when he bravely stopped to help a dismounted sowar who had lost his horse, and tried to carry him into safety.

Both were killed. Other officers recommended for conspicuous bravery are the following:—

Major G. B. Scott, commandant, North Waziristan Militia, for his sound and bold leading at a critical time against extremely heavy odds.

Lieutenant N. H. Prendergast, after escaping in most marvellous manner from a hopeless situation was given command of the flank attack and carried out his independent command with conspicuous coolness and energy. A fine young officer.

HUN'S INGENIOUS ANTI-FAT PLAN.

COPENHAGEN, Monday.—Among the passengers on board the steamer Frederik VIII., which arrived here yesterday from New York, was a German lady, Frau Roewer, whose adventures occupy columns of the local papers. Her husband, an engineer at Kiao Chau, escaped from a Japanese internment camp to New York, where she proceeded from Europe to fetch him to Germany.

The couple evolved a novel plan to evade the British inspection at Kirkwall.

It was arranged that Roewer should cross the Atlantic in his wife's cabin trunk, and in order to effect this he was obliged to undergo a preliminary anti-obesity cure for three months before embarking.

He travelled in the trunk, breathing through a specially made ventilator; but at Kirkwall, fearing the inspection, he left the trunk, was discovered, and is now interned.—Reuter.

HEADACHES CURED FREE.

Let us send you two Zox powders free. Then the next time you have a Headache just take one in a cup of tea, and within a few minutes the pain will have gone. Thousands keep a supply of Zox handy, knowing from experience that just one of the tiny powders will drive away the pain as if by magic. Zox is an old, well-tried remedy, quite safe to take, and should be in every home. It is just as good for Neuralgia. You can obtain large supplies in 1s. and 2s. 6d. boxes from Chemists, Stores, etc., or post free on receipt of price from The Zox Co., 11, Hatton Garden, London, E.C. But first of all send a stamped addressed envelope for the two free powders.—(Advt.)

NEWS ITEMS.

Aroma That Has Faded.

Fish being so expensive that people have to eat potatoes without fish, the fishshop has passed away, said Dr. Waldo, the Southwark coroner, at an inquest yesterday.

To play with Other "Pills."

A professional billiards player, J. B. Taylor, was refused exemption by the Lambeth Tribunal yesterday, though he said military duties would ruin him as a billiards player.

£450 Fine for Trading with Enemy.

A fine of £450 and £50 costs was inflicted upon Harold Edwin Gee, exporter, of Fenchurch-street, at the Mansion House yesterday, for trading with an enemy firm in Shanghai.

Ship's 300 Days' Battle.

After battling with gales and adverse winds for 300 days the Liverpool barque Islamoundt, from Rangoon, yesterday sought shelter in Queenstown with her sails lost and no water on board.

Raid on West-End Jeweller's.

Several thousand pounds worth of jewellery, it is said, was secured by burglars in a raid during the week-end on Messrs. E. L. Gyde, Ltd., jewellers, of Regency House, Warwick-street, W.

R.A.M.C. Officer Dismissed.

Temporary Lieutenant R. F. Copland, M.B., R.A.M.C., and Second Lieutenant G. D. McGhee, the Sherwood Foresters, are, says last night's *Gazette*, dismissed the service by sentence of general court-martial.

SUPPORT QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S FUND

Queen Alexandra's Field Force Fund is urgently in need of further financial support to enable it to carry on its work commenced at the beginning of the war under the patronage of Queen Alexandra.

The object of the fund is to send individual parcels to the men actually in the trenches.

The fund has dispatched to France 176,667 and to the Mediterranean Forces 61,397 parcels.

Contributions should be sent to the hon. treasurer, Q.A.F.F.F., 24a, Hill-street, Knightsbridge.

BOB COTTON'S FINE WIN.

At the National Sporting Club last night Bob Cotton, of Bermondsey, beat Charlie Hardcastle, of Barnsley. Hardcastle was knocked out in the fourteenth round. At this time Cotton was ahead on points, although he had had some bad times during the contest, and was nearly knocked out in the eighth round.

Sergt. Rice having sustained a fractured hand in training, was unable to meet Sergt. H. Curzon in a fifteen rounds eliminating bout for the light-heavyweight championship. Bandsman Blake was to have taken his place but had to attend a meeting of the Medical Board at Norwich, and could not get away.

Sergt. Johnny Webb in the end filled the vacancy, and was rather unlucky to be beaten on points by Curzon in a ten rounds contest.

OTHER BOXING.

Rifleman Dai Roberts was too good for Bob Hayes at the Ring yesterday afternoon, and the latter retired in the eighth round. Dan Ell ott also retired in the eighth round against Dido Gains. In the evening there was a splendid set-to between Billy Fry and Harry Curley, the first-named winning on points in twenty rounds.

At Hoxton Baths the fifteen rounds contest between Billy Eynon and Tom Noble ended in a draw.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

THE PICTORIAL NEWSPAPER COMPANY (1910), LIMITED

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Preference and Ordinary Register of Members will be Closed from the 1st to the 15th April, 1916, both days inclusive, for the purpose of preparing the Dividend Warrants.

The Warrants will be posted on the 29th April.

By order of the Board.

WALTER MEARS, Secretary.

Dated this 15th day of March, 1916.

Carmelite House, London, E.C.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADELPHI. (159th perfce.) New Musical Play, TINA. To-night at 8. Mats., Weds. and Sats., at 2. GODFREY TEARLE, PHYLLIS DARE, W. H. BERRY. Box-office, 10 to 10 Tels., 2645 and 8886 Ger.

AMBASSADORS. "MORE," by Henry Grattan. Evgs., 8.30. Matinee, Thurs. and Sats., at 2.30.

APOLLO. TO-NIGHT and Every Evening at 8.15. THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME. Matinees Weds., Thurs. and Sats., at 2.30.

COMEDY THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Arthur Chudleigh. SECOND EDITION, "SHELL OUT!" by Albert de Courville and Wal Pink. Every Evening, at 8.45. Mats., Mons., Fri. and Sats., 2.45. 'Phone Ger. 3724.

COURT. To-night, at 8.20. KULTUR AT HOME. Mats., Weds., Thurs. and Sats., at 2.30. Tel. 848 Ger.

CRITERION. A LITTLE BIT OF BLUFF. Evenings, at 8.30. Mats., Weds., Thurs., Sats., 2.30. "The funniest farce for years."—"Dy. Telegraph."

DALY'S.—The George Edwardes Production. BETTY. At 8. Mats., Wed., Thurs., Sats., at 2. (Last Weeks.) Winifred Barnes Gabrielle Ray, C. M. Lowne, Lauri de Frece, and G. P. HUNTLEY.

DRURY LANE.—Arthur Collins Presents D. W. Griffith's Mighty Spectacle, "The Birth of a Nation." Twice Daily at 2.30 and 8 p.m. Commencing to-morrow. Prices 7s. 6d. to 1s. Box Office now open. Gerrard 2588.

DUKE OF YORK'S. TO-DAY and DAILY 2.45. Evenings, Weds., Thurs. and Sats., at 8.45. "JERRY," a New Farce At 2.30, Dorothy Varick. YVONNE ARNAUD. CHARLES WINDERMERE.

GAIETY. Evenings, 8.0. Mats., Sats., 2.0. TO-NIGHT'S THE NIGHT.

GARRICK. At 8.30. "TIGER'S CUB." BASIL GILL and MADGE TITHERADGE. Mats., Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 2.30; Evgs., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 8.30.

GLOBE.—Daily, 2.30. Evgs., Weds., Fris., Sats., 8.15. Miss MOYA MANNERING in PEG O' MY HEART.

HAYMARKET. At 8.15. WHO IS HE? HENRY AINLEY. Mats., Weds., Thurs., Sats., 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S. To-day and Daily, at 2.15. THE ARM OF THE LAW. (LAST WEEK.) Preceded by one-act Comedy "DOCTOR JOHNSON." Only Evening Performances, Wed. and Sat., at 8.

LYRIC. DORIS KEANE in ROMANCE. Evenings, at 8.15. Matinees, Wed. and Sat., at 2.30. OWEN NARES. A. E. ANSON.

NEW. TO-NIGHT, at 8.30. CAROLINE. By W. Somerset Maugham. Miss Irene Vanbrugh and Mr. Dion Boucicault. Miss Lillah McCarthy and Mr. Leonard Boyne. Mats., Weds., Thurs., Sats., at 2.30.

PLAYHOUSE. At 8.40. PLEASE HELP EMILY. Chas. Hawtrey and Gladys Cooper. Mats., Weds., Sats., 2.40.

PRINCE OF WALES'. Last 8 Performances. Evgs., 8. Mats., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. Walter Howard, Alfred Paumier and Annie S.xe in THE SILVER CRUCIFIX.

QUEEN'S (Ger. 9437). At 8.30. "THE LOVE THIEF." MATINEES: Mons., Thurs., Fri. and Sats., at 2.30. EVENINGS: Tues., Wed., Thurs. and Sats., at 8.30.

ST. JAMES'S. THE BASKER, a New Comedy. By Clifford Mills. TO-DAY and DAILY, at 2.30. Evening Performance, Sats. only, 8.15. GEORGE ALEXANDER and GENEVIEVE WARD.

SCALA.—2.30 and 7.30. THE WORLD AT WAR. Germans on Eastern and Western Fronts. ZEPPELINS. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales at the Front, etc.

SHAFTESBURY. At 3.15. MY LADY FRAYLE. Robert Courtneidge's Production. A New Musical Play. Matinees, Every Wednesday and Saturday, at 2.15.

VAUDEVILLE. "SAMPLES!" New Version. H. Grattan's Revue, 8. MATS., Weds., Thurs. Sats., 2.30.

WYNDHAM'S. At 8.15. Mat., Wed., Sat., 2.15. A KISS FOR CINDERELLA, by J. M. BARRIE. Gerald du Maurier. Hilda Trevelyan.

* * *

ALHAMBRA. Revue. 5064 GERRARD. ANNA DOROTHY, CLYDE COOK, GEORGE FRENCH, and ODETTE MYRTIL. Doors 8. Mats., Weds. and Sats., 2.15.

HIPPODROME, London.—Twice Daily, 2.30, 8.30 p.m. New Revue, "JOY-LAND!" SHIRLEY KELLOGG, HARRY TATE, YETTA RIANZA, BERTRAM WALLIS, CHARLES BERKELEY, and Super-Beauty Chorus.

PALACE.—"BRIC-A-BRAC" (at 8.35), with GERTIE MILLAR, ARTHUR PLAYFAIR, GWENDOLINE BROGDEN, NELSON KEYS TEDDIE GERARD, A. SIMON GIRARD, GINA PALERME. Varieties at 8. MAT., WED. and SAT., at 2.

PALLADIUM.—2.30, 6.10 and 9.—LITTLE TICH, JACK PLEASANTS, LAURA GUERITE, JOE ELVIN AND CO., BERTRAM BANKS, ACKROYD MELITA TRIO, THE KETOS, and JAMES WELCH AND CO., in "The Man in the Street."

MASKELYNE'S MYSTERIES St. George's Hall. At 3 and 8. 43rd Consecutive Year in London. A delightful programme of startling novelties. 1s. to 5s. Children half-price. 'Phone 1545 Mayfair.

DAILY MAIL ACTIVE SERVICE EXHIBITION, Princes Skating Club, Knightsbridge, on behalf of the British Red Cross and Order of St. John Daily to April 8, 11 a.m. to 8 p.m. Admission, One Shilling (except Fridays 2s. 6d., 2 till 6 p.m.).

PERSONAL.

STAR.—Everything same when you left. Better myself.

DEAREST.—If message yours March 11th, why letter returned? Anxious.—W. C.

OFFICERS' Uniforms and Effects purchased; best offers; no bargainings; instant settlements.—Goldman's Uniformaries, Devonport. (Uniform sold.)

HAIR permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only.—Florence Wood, 105, Regent-st, W.

DID YOUR CHILD WAKE UP CROSS OR FEVERISH?

Look, Mother! If Tongue is Coated, give "California Syrup of Figs" to Clean the Bowels.

Mother! Your child isn't naturally cross and peevish. See if the tongue is coated; this is a sure sign that its little stomach, liver and bowels need attention at once.

When listless, pale, feverish, "stuffy" with cold, throat sore; when the child has tainted breath and doesn't eat, sleep or act naturally, or has stomach-ache or diarrhœa, remember, a gentle liver and bowel cleansing should always be the first treatment given.

Nothing equals "California Syrup of Figs" for children's ills; give a teaspoonful, and in a few hours all the waste-matter, sour bile and fermenting food clogged in the bowels pass out of the system, and you have a healthy and playful child again. All children love this harmless, delicious "fruit laxative," and it never fails to effect a good "inside cleansing." Directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups are plainly on the bottle.

Keep it handy in your home. A little given to-day saves a sick child to-morrow, but get the genuine. Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," then look and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." Imitations are sometimes substituted. All leading chemists sell "California Syrup of Figs," 1s. 3d. and 2s. per bottle. Refuse substitutes.

Grey hair changed at once to a natural shade of light brown, dark brown or black by the use of

VALENTINE'S EXTRACT
(Walnut stain).

A perfect, cleanly, harmless, and washable stain. Does not soil the pillow. Price 1s., 2s., and 5s. 6d. per bottle. By post 3d. extra, securely packed. Address—

C. L. Valentine. 46a, Holborn Viaduct London, E.C.

Read Mr. Bottomley's Articles in the "Sunday Pictorial."

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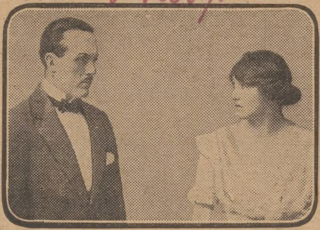
BIG DEAL IN HORSES.

Mr. Alexander Ferguson, the plaintiff in the action to recover £20,000 in commission on the sale of 40,000 horses to the French Government. In the circle, Mr. Philip Runciman, one of the defendants.

A WINTRY SCENE IN A LITTLE VILLAGE NEAR VERDUN.

Guns and supplies travelling over the snowclad roads to the Army near Verdun. The procession is a never ending one.

TRANSFERRED TO APOLLO.



Miss Stella Jesse and Mr. Stanley Logan in "The Man Who Stayed at Home."

RESCUED CAT AT A FUNERAL.

The cat which was at the funeral of Mr. Henry J. Custance, who lost his life in attempting to rescue the animal from a tree. It is seen with Estelle Foster, who helped to save the animal, and to whom it has now been presented. She has been doing work for the R.S.P.C.A., which is making a collection for the widow.—(*Daily Mirror* photograph.)

MEETING AT SERVICES' CLUB.

Captain Parsons proposing a resolution at the meeting outside the Services Club in connection with the struggle with the German Athenæum, Limited.

BARON AIRMAN.

Baron Leon de Maelcamp de Opotael, a lieutenant-colonel in the Belgian Army, who is learning to fly. For the moment he is only a sergeant in the Belgian Flying Corps.—(Birkett.)

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